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TO

E. L. O'I. AEZE OF NOBLE AND KNIGHTLY LINEAGE MY FRIEND

AND

MY WORK - VISION'S FRIEND

WHOSE KINDNESS HAS GIVEN THE TRUTH

OF THIS BOOK

A FACE THROUGH WHICH

TO SMILE UPON ITS

FRIENDS.

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For the help of others and the help of myself, these affirmations were written.

They are visioned in the truth that in God we live and move and have our being; that we are born in the image and likeness of the Father and Mother

Infinite, who, nameless, declares, I AM.

We, born of this Nameless One, and ourselves cameless, can in the deep truth of our childhood say, am; and, when we are in the consciousness of this being-truth of us, we can, in the world of the numered and the named, radiate, transform and wisdom, so that we live a full, harmonious, joyous, successful life.

Outwardly, in the quiet of tropical mountains and a the din of tumultuous cities, these words have been written. Inwardly, they have been written in the isioning of the truth, that Divine Love is the origin and end of each thing, each one; that in the finished work of that Divine Love the ways of God to man are justified.

Beyond what they say is the truth of you,—the God-meant-you,—whose glory, nor eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor mind conceived, nor words said; yet the imperfect of these words may help you on the way home to yourself, in which being-home of you,

God is the glory and the peace.

Their help will be helped, if you read them aloud with your voice vibrant in earnestness; there being in the spoken word some power creative beyond what

the silent thinking may realize.

If you read them with mind eager for truth, with heart earnest for love, with soul athirst for its eternity, or with heart and with flesh crying out for the living God, you will read clear through them into the consciousness of your own beinghood, forgetting them as they pass in your light, as clouds are forgotten in the glory of the sun.

It is not a book, consecutive, to be read through, passing from your thoughts, or but dimly abiding in your memory. It is a book for daily use, the one affirmation at a time, as your need may be, as your

yearning may ask.

If this book helps you some little way into the glory of you and the glory of God eternalizing together in the white blaze of Being, its printing will have been more than worth while.

When you are in the consciousness of the truth, that the beauty of you and the Beauty of God, rapturing together, make the Beauty of the Everlasting Holiness, you will, then, as inevitably as the musical heart of a mocking bird sings, transform this outer of you and your life, until it shine in that Beauty of Holiness, even as what time He was transfigured, shone the dust-stained garment of the Christ in a brightness above the brightness of noons.



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# IAM





# IAM



EING beyond which there is naught. What wing-beat sought the beyond must eternally fly the winds which are but the breathings of Being.

It is all there is. Each seeming other-thing is but the Breath of Being breathing the blessings of its Eternal

Life.

Not was, but AM. There is no past with God.

Not will be, but AM.

There is no future with God. It is NOW.

There is no then. Eternity IS. Time is an illusion.

The senses serpent man through dust. A mirage this; for there is no dust, but only the glory of the eternal Life, the shining splendor of being.

There are no senses. There is only Soul. There is no matter. There is only Mind.

There is no body. There is only Being.

Light is. It shines—the Light of Being.

Let it torch you as you search for your sin, and for such shadow it is a vain search.

Let it be your electric light as you search for your

sickness, and that gloom you can never find.

Let it be your sun as you search for death, and mortality will be swallowed up of life, as night shadows by the light of dawn.

Within you is the I AM, the Infinite, Eternal One

Being.

Because of this, you are.

Because of this, you may so attune unto and blend with the Infinite Being as to be able to say, in sincerity and in truth, for yourself, I Am.

In the realization of the I AM, all dark problems are solved in light as nights are dissolved in days.

This is to "obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow

and sighing shall flee away."

This is to love in truth. This is to truth in love. And so wisdom becomes your native more than song the native of the sparrow's throat.

the native of the sparrow's throat.

This is to live the divine and eternal life. This is the Heaven which, out of you as a center, smiles its infinite blisses, loves its everlasting loves, shines its truths eternal.

So, then, in the face of every discord, with confidence never wavering, declare this truth, I am, and the Chord of Being will sing so divinely that inharmony ceases in its song.

So health chants out sickness.

So holiness psalms out sin.

So life chorals out death.

So heaven sings itself through the earth until it is a new earth, a very phrase of joy breathing from the Eternal WORD of the Divine Being. I AM, says God.

I Am, answers the soul.

WE ARE, together they sing; and this is the song unto which the morning stars shone, while all the sons

of God shouted for joy.

This is the glory which the Son had with the Father before worlds were; and the Son is the whole of Humanity, even unto the least of these, His brethren, even unto me.

I Am!





#### I AM JOY



HERE is nothing but joy.

Sorrow is but some joy out of tune, fretting the strings of life.

Some awkward, unmusical hand, instead of working in metals or soils, attempts the strings, making discord disturb singing winds. Or some viol,

attuning, makes noises, mistaken for song, distressing the ears.

Joy lit the sun from its smile, and rounded the earth with the breath of a song.

Joy chants the rivers and seas.

Joy wings in the birds and walks in the beasts.

Joy meditates in the seeds, and with its eloquence sweetens the winds with blossom and fruit.

Joy goes inward with love and comes out in the smile of a face that blesses the bosom of a woman and gladdens the heart of a man.

There is nothing but joy.

Each deed of creation blesses the doer and the blessing prolongs in the done.

Blessings are blisses from the blythe heart of God as He sings the Song of Himself, and comrades His Universe create through eternities of His own holy Joy. When joy enters into my work, it is great with the greatness of God.

When the deed outshines from my joy, the deed is

diviner, adding beauty to God and beauty to me.

That picture is great by grace of the joy of the artist.

It is the joy of the inventor thinking there in machines.

The joy of the teacher works on in the taught, kindling desires and deeds without end.

The joy of the mother hallows the child, and makes the highways of duty the blythe ways of charm.

There is nothing but joy; and I am joy singing the song of the days, chanting the anthem of years.

I am the joy of the grass, else why does its green

so gladden in me?

I am the joy of Christ's sparrow, for I am singing it now with the heart of a child.

I am the joy of my horse, for together we ride and

together are glad.

I am the joy of this child, as together we play into the kingdom of God.

I am the joy of this mother, as I through her adore

into the Motherhood forever Divine.

I am the joy of the Christ. His Spirit breathes bliss in my soul.

Within my innermost, God is alive, is asmile.

It seems she is Mother, and sings, and I am the song and the babe that hearkens in joy.

I am Her child and creation is Iullaby. She sings

unto me with voice of the varying charm which enchants, as I play in my Universe Home and rest on Her bosom of earth.

Sorrow is homesickness, and shows in its ache that joy is my home.

Pain is an alien, but joy, my true native land.

So I refuse pain, but not in a war, not in blow aching for blow and defeating so the refusal.

I refuse pain as sunlight refuses the shadows by just shining on and on, and so the shadows are not.

Than sorrow's sigh, I sing sweeter, and the sob

grows a song.

When singing I hunt sorrow, the frown of the face shines out in a smile, I but sun-rayed Apollo vainly hunting the night whom my eyes of bright light can never behold.

I claim what I am, and my own enriches in me and gives the grace of itself to the world.

I claim from all skies, joy, and their beauty shines down in my heart.

I claim from all seas, joy, and their grandeur gladdens my soul.

I claim from all mountains, joy, and their vastness vanishes in friendliness, as I stature to them.

I claim from all lives, joy, and they live unto me in a smile which ensouls all summers and dawns.

I claim from the Christ, His joy, and I know what apostles have felt, what saints have adored.

I claim from the Beings of beings, His bliss, and

there's a glow in my heart like a sunrise after the night.

By right of joy I own all things and all lives.

By the might of joy on all things I smile and all lives I bless.

By the right of joy, God is my very own.

By the might of joy God, even through me, gives unto all the grace of His great smile like a Spring kissing winter away.

Joy! That is God; that is me.

God is the Infinite Joy, and I just a smile from

His face, a song from His heart.

I am joy, and through me in countless gladdnesses His bliss of being eternal fulfills, while each smile in my heart, on my face, gives His benediction of grace, mercy and peace without end.





#### I AM LOVE



AM what I love—beauty, if the rose enchants—truth, if the faithfulness of steel fascinates—honor, if high fidelities move me as strains of divinest music—life, if to me all lives are holy and I give them joyously, unimpeded, the goodspeed of their jour-

ney—a child, if children are to me as the very laughter of my soul—man, if men capture my admiration and their noble fellowship has for me its perennial charm—women, if the gentleness of mothers and the holiness of wives take captive my heart in their own truth and tenderness, as the iris captures the purple of the sun in its own royalty—Christ, if the beauty of Galilee is to me the Beauty of humanity—God, if the joy of my being is in That One who is the Soul of the Universe, the Life of all lives, the Love of all loves, the Being of all beings.

Love creates me in the image and likeness of my ardors.

What I want to be, that I must love with unfailing devotion, and some high day, the beauty of it will surprise me in the mirroring brook of my life.

Everything unto which my heart goes out in tenderness comes over the shining ways of my love to fellowship me into what I am becoming. I am plate and camera, and my love the light photographing in my soul everything upon which it shines.

I am becoming a part of all that which I love.

All that which I love is becoming a part of me.

This is the creation which is now achieving me.

By this grace I am ensouling all that I love in the

heavens of myself.

Therefore, I am love—love, the spirit and substance of me—love, the thought and life of me—love, the body and being of me.

In love I live, move and have my being.

I am love and there is nothing else.

The substance of the universe is Love.

Love is the inmost of creation.

Love is the soul of each atom.

Love is the soul of the air, and in each breath I breathe but love.

There is nothing but love, and what seems other is some lack of full welcome to the Divine Reality.

Therefore, I am Love; for love fashioned me and

keeps my sun of being ashine within me.

Love loves through me and I have no life but the life of love.

Love loves in me.

Love lives in me.

Love beings in me.

All this dwelling together in unity, which is the reality of me, is the magic grace of Love, ceasing never for a breath, pausing never for a pulse thrill.

I am a psalm of Love's Soul, never dying away into silence, never discording with any hate, never blanking in any voiceless and beingless world.

Therefore, my whole business is to love and take no thought of anxious care beyond loving.

My whole being is love.

There is nothing but just Love. There is nothing for me but just being what I am.

I am Love.

Love is Endless Being.





#### I AM TRUTH



RUTH is the great peace.

To know with some finality is the

great freedom.

In truth is the divine liberty, and bondages pass like shadows in suns when Truth is abroad in the soul.

Where no uncertainty is, how

blessed.

Where falsehoods fickle us not with their distresses and heartaches, how serene and final that which is.

No mock more. No desolating darkness more.

No death more; but just the shine of truth's light forever in the heavens of our being.

Truth can report itself but to the true.

The sun is not true, except to some truth in me. My eye and it must together sing the hymn of the light.

The earth is not true, except to some truth in me. Save as its fidelity and my fidelity fellowship, there is no fulness of sane and serene life.

Astronomy is not in the truth of the stars alone, but is in the truth of the stars and the truth of men.

The chemic truth and the human truth complete

each other.

The Divine Truth and the Human Truth orb planets, and pace the suns and stars through universes of life.

God's truth and my truth perfect my soul, and leave the Being of God without a blank.

I am trueing myself to the truth that lies without me, and this is knowledge and the expansion of the intellect.

I am trueing my conscious being to the transcendent truth within me, and this is growth which lays hold of the eternal life.

I am truth, and living is but my growing conscious of myself.

With what torch of truth I discover the universe I discover myself.

I can not go beyond what I am.

The universe can not speak but in my own language. Only as it is native to me are its meanings wisdom and power within me.

What truth I am, that truth is God to me.

The air is limitless, but that only is the bird's which it can fly and breathe and sing.

God is infinite. To His being there are no boundaries.

But what of Him the truth of me adores, and serves, and hymns is all of Him I know and all of Him I live and all of Him I being.

Except I am truth, I am nothing; for in a universe of truth there can be no lie.

The false is some misunderstanding of myself, some mal-expression of myself.

Some self-ignorance gets between me and the light of truth, and that casts a shadow.

Shadows are not for abiding, but for that swift, sure journey which ever, if it travels far enough, must arrive at the light which casts the shadow.

In my inmost, I am truth—the very Truth of God. To discover myself and live myself is the reason

for me.

I will ever declare myself, my ideal, real self, and

to the reality of that declaration stature.

I am Truth, and the whole of my life bends its energies, loves its loves, sweetens its services, rejoices its joys, and hallows its adorations, that I become in all my conscious being what I am in my Being Absolute—TRUTH!



#### I AM WISDOM



RUTH Love, and you have wisdom. Give a soul of tenderness to truth, and the divine face of wisdom is smiling upon you.

Wisdom is when Love is lying in the bosom of Truth; and they are

not two, but One.

The One Angel of Swedenborg was the man-truth and the woman-love, no more twain, but one spiritual being in a world without end.

Truth divorced from love is harsh, cruel, foolish,

wicked, devastating, instead of creating.

Love unwedded to Truth is weak, erring, stained with lust, lost from her high estate, cursing instead of blessing. This, in the divided world, which is the world of unreality.

But in my one world, I truth Love and I love Truth, and am wise in everything, blessed of the grace

and power of wisdom.

Truth does not dwell alone in me. It is holy fellow with Love.

Love abides not in my soul, solitary.

It has found its Truth, and together they make me.

God's Love truths out into me, and I am. I am wisdom.

Not His Love only; but His love shining in Truth. Not His Truth only, but His Truth enbeinged in love.

I am the resultant creation. I am wisdom.

Not the light and not the heat, but the sun plumps the chestnut.

Not the light, and not heat, but the sun builds the oak.

Not the light and not the heat, but the sun rhythms my body to walk the earth in manly strength.

Not knowledge and not affection, but wisdom lives

out the man.

Not knowledge and not affection, but wisdom geniuses in man unto His creations of art, painting the picture, singing the song, inventing the machine.

Not knowledge and not affection, but wisdom enlights the Christ in Jesus to pharos the centuries.

Not knowledge and not affection, but wisdom perfects the soul and sets the glory of being in the Eternal.

Inmostly my being and God's Being are one; and God is wisdom.

At my center there, which seems ever to elude me, lives God, the life. I know but the dim and bright shadowings of His life. He is wisdom.

Inmostly and ideally I am wisdom; and the sunning forth of my true self into my shadow self makes me, as an earth, fruitful in every good word and work,—makes my thinkings wise, and wisdoms my lovings until in all my outgoing there is perfection.

I am wisdom. That is the inmost reality of me. Even as my outermost, innermost is wisdomed of the indwelling God, so do I live without foolishness and in the constructive sanity by which the Universe affirms its integrity.

Wisdom is the grace of God in man, and the glory of man in God.



#### I AM PEACE



EACE! Not a ceasing of deed, but action at its perfect full.

Not a ceasing of being, but being brimmed with its surpassing overflow.

Not rust, but radiancy.

Not decay, but declaration of rounded ripeness.

Not war ceasing, but work in poised energy.

Not strife at pause, but strenuousness, an ensphered planet shining through the sky of fulfillment.

Not the universe in a noise that has stilled, but the universe energizing in the symphony of eternal deed.

Not life that waxens into unreplying pallors, but life that wings in eternal flight, in ceaseless song.

Not truth that, tired of rasping argument and querulous questionings, gives up to falsehood to save itself from friction's pangs, but truth that shines like a sun, and for very fullness has a glow for all, in all; in its perfect of loving, no place for self nor fret, for emptiness nor ache.

Not power that has ceased to destroy and idles amidst its wreck, but power at creative full, and gentling in that violet's blue, that song of purple finch, and in that baby's smile which kindles from its mother's eyes,—power that wields a universe in a quiet so profound that the "beating of your own

heart is all the sound you hear," and hear that only when you are very still and listening with all ease and quiet energies.

I am peace because my innermost is the full of

God, and God is the fullness of being.

God is fullness of action.

God is the perfection of truth.

God is the perfection of power.

God is a universe of love. God is an eternity of life.

God is the Poised Allmight, and I, the deed of His gentlest loving, of His ceaseless, eternal might.

I am peace, because my being brims with the

Divine Energy.

I am peace, because my brain thinks intensely in the Divine Truth.

I am peace, because my heart energizes in the

Divine Love.

I am peace, because my body thrills response and

unity with the overplus of the Divine Life.

I am peace, because every atom of me rests not, tires not, but busies ever in the bliss of doing the Divine Will.

Distress of discord only is, when I have some lack

of realizing my perfection of being in God.

The fret of falsehood only is, when I have failed to let the truth have fullest place and deed in me.

The agonies of angers can distress but when there

is some lack of love within my soul.

The sorrows of sickness only sigh when I have

overworked or underworked my body's own some

gracious part.

'Tis health when every instrument of my orchestral flesh is singing in throbbing fullness, its very own note within the symphony of life, because it is always peace, because it is always symphony, refusing and losing not a chord.

I claim my peace, my very own which is the peace of God, and that surpasses understanding, because it lies far within the thoughts of man, a grace of being

without a beginning, without an end.

I am the begotten of God, and so I am a peace

born of the Love Divine.

I am peace, and give peace unto the sons and daughters of men.

Not of my own peace give I unto them, but of

God's peace which is their very own.

I call them into soul and mind and body's fullness.

Being unto being calls with not a halt nor quaver in the call, and being unto being answers, and each has found his own peace, because he has found the peace of God, which peace is just himself, a deed of God, in poised and perfected energy, eternalizing amidst the everlastingness of the Divine Love-Energies of God.

Do you wonder, then, that I am peace?

Do you realize that you are peace?

Do you know that peace is no cessation for rest, but that it is the rest that comes in poised deeds that are never done, but forever doing, that Being Itself may be, and bliss itself may bless?



#### IAM POWER



A M power to think through the activities of this earth, finding the truth, bringing it home to me, enriching the habitation of my soul with its white splendors and corruscations of an infinite charm.

The truth within me shines unto

the truth without, and it is light.

I am at dawn, and all my earth is rejoicing in fullness of life.

I am power to love through all the prejudices and angers and hatreds and indifferences in this human world, and win unto myself "the soul of good from out things ill."

I love the indifferent into action, and they are my

rejoicing fellows.

I love out anger, being the "soft answer that turneth away wrath," and have my response in a smiling face, and in a soul that sweeter is because I radiate the beams of constant love.

I overcome prejudice with love, and together my brother and I fellow in the ways of eternal and rejoicing friendship.

I love my enemies into friends, and the world of man is so richer and the heart of God so happier.

I am power to love and to think, and my being

lies within that power, as an earth within the sun.

I am ensphered.

I move through the Power Divine.

I thrill into lives.

I brood into wings.

There are born within me mountains and seas, continents of greatness.

I am a fruitful earth.

I am an earth in the dawn.

I am an earth in its summer.

I am a full-orbed soul, rounding for ever and ever beneath the Mother Eyes of the Eternal Love.

I am power to become my ideal.

The might in me actualizes my ideal.

In all my inwardness I realize that ideal.

In all my outwardness I express it. Within my ideal I glow. From out my ideal I radiate.

I am irresistible. I enchant.

I thrill with ecstacies. I bless. I ennoble.

No one can come within my sphere without a quickening.

The dynamic of me is electrical, enlighting, empowering.

I woo from all lives their secrets.

I win from all things their souls.

Everything gives of itself to me, as unto everything I give of myself.

Together so we enrich.

Together we grow great. The Infinite Divine

shines within us; and, in the glow of growth, the Divine Meanings of me and of all clear in a speech that is the soul of all eloquence.

I am power with God; for I have power from God.

His power enfolds and fills me.

In it I live and move and have my being. In Him I think true. In Him I love wise.

With His Divine Spirit I am surcharged and em-

powered.

I am created new. I create new. It is a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.

It is the Power Eternal of Being; and in it I am. And what is there more, but to realize being eternal and live life without end, as in the Almighty Power of the Divine Love, in whom I am centered for my being, I fulfill that Divine Love's endless glories of meaning in me, through me?





#### I AM MERCY.



INDNESS is the king of gladness, while love is the queen of joy.

Life is just a giving, and in this is its bliss, its peaceful satisfying.

The tree gives without stint, and lives without stress. As fullness flows out of it, a holier fullness flows in,

engirding it with greatening endurance.

This is the law of lives. As they enrich, they are enriched again, not in postponed and arbitrary reward; but in each act of bounty is its flow of blessing.

By fullness of life comes fullness of being. In its deed, capacity greatens.

In the beauty I create, I have made myself beautiful.

In the truth I have done, I have made myself truthful.

In the blessing through which my love blesses, the Infinite Love enters with its greatening grace.

In loving I become Love, and Love is the eternal Life which sings at the heart of the universe.

The blessing of the merciful is that they obtain mercy. What flows out from them unto their brother flows in unto them from God.

Outflow and inflow are equal, except for added and deepening capacity.

This is the grace of growth; and herein is Love's triumph over exact justice. This is why the Christ's word is mercy.

When you attempt to state the law of love in the terms of physics, saying that action and reaction are equal, you state a truth, but not the divinest truth of love.

Increase is the law of life, because the soul of life is love.

Multiplication is the grace of harvests, and the greatnesses of mercy.

Mercy multiplies its joys without end, in the soul of the merciful.

So just to be kind, and not to know, is the greater. Just to be merciful, and not to understand, is the diviner. Just to love, asking for nothing in return, is the more Godlike.

Not intent upon my soul, but leaving it to the wide mercies of God, it is mine, in the joy of mercy, to make a little larger place for the growing of grasses and grains and the flowers which only smile.

To open the way for life's some fuller manifestation in the horse or the dog or any flesh-embodied life that is something from the creative fullness of the Divine Mercy which is the Brimming Being of God.

To ennoble human life, to deepen its worth, and greaten and hallow its joy, to sweeten the laughter of children and multiply goodness for them,—when

this I do without stint or selfishness, I am in the midst of a universe whose center and soul is Love, and can know no fear, nor experience any lack, nor find any void where life ends and being ceases.

Through my mercies the Everlasting Mercy establishes me in the deeps of divine and endless Being.

This is to be beyond desire in a rapture of fulfillment, for whose radiant form no desire has dreampower enough to vision and to make.

It is bliss of being without end.

It is bliss of being eternal in the heavens of Being's Pure Self.





## I AM NEIGHBORLINESS.



AM neighborliness.

Else what is this which goes out in kindliness to all?

I have sympathy for the animals. To see a horse at life's full gives me joy.

To see a horse ill used or suffering in sickness awakens sorrow in my heart, gives me the impulse to comfort and to heal.

When I see a flock of sheep, I seem to be one of them. Their bleat of content is mine. I play with the lambs. Almost one who is called The Lamb gentles with me into the Kingdom of God.

I am healed of the hurt of life, forgiven of my sins, quickened into the spirit of all love.

When the birds are in flocks, my heart flies with them. Their songs outvocal my gladnesses. If winter distresses them, my hand would open in ministry to their need. I wish them only good. I will them only fullness of life.

To the wild beasts I feel like a brother. I am sure, if they could feel the tides of the love universal flowing through my soul and through them to meet in a holy fellowship, that the ancient fear were gone, and in their native lair we would neighbor together without wound, with the friendliness of children at

play.

When I caress the tree with my hand, what is that which thrills through me, as if its very spirit gave answer to my love, blessing me, resting me, giving me renewal?

And this wild flower which I will not pluck, nor bruise, nor hurt, because it is my neighbor, it responds to my neighbor touch, as if it knew and felt with me the spirit of all friendliness, smiling about.

And the sea, my heart seems a part of its fellowing waves. In its mighty peace I am at home.

And the mountain, it seems that almost it knows that I love it. I am sure that, were it to leave its ancient home, I would grieve as if some noble and endearing neighbor had said good bye and gone into those shadows out of which there seems no return of life's I am.

All things inanimate,—toward them all my feelings are so friendly. I hold this pebble in my hand as though it were a thing alive, and knew the love in my heart. This rock seems to respond to the touch of my hand laid gently upon it.

Towards everything that is I am neighborly.

I am one with that Divine Spirit who set us here together, and made us a part of a great neighborly world.

I am His neighborliness. It is that aglow in me which makes my life so well worth while.

It is my neighbor heart that is blessing and rejoicing with all things and all lives.

To my kind, neighborliness. I am alient to not one

of them.

I refuse the division of nationality and race and tongue.

I accept the human tie. I am at fellowship with the

whole of the human kind.

I sing in tune with them the anthems of life. It is the song of neighborliness. It sings out ignorance and prejudice and belittling, destroying hatreds, because it knows them not, intent upon interpreting the Great Vision of world-unity with a song outsinging all the hymns of the free and the psalms of the great.

The shame of the race is my shame. Its honor is

my honor.

Its sororw is my sorrow. Its joy is my joy.

Its low actuals are mine. Its high ideals are mine also.

We greaten together. Together we ennoble.

Together we dream the divine dream unto its awakening and coming true, when each man knows that he is neighbor to each man, and rejoices in the neighborliness with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I am neighborliness, and my outgoings are as the outgoings of the morning, rejoicing in the joy of awak-

ing life.

I am neighborliness and receive, like dawns, the gentleness of neighborly eyes and the joy of neighborly smiles.

#### I Am Neighborliness

I am neighborliness, and find myself everywhere. What a dear, genial, answering, friendly, neighboring world this is.

And its Perfect?

Here it lies in the heart of all neighborliness. Let that heart awake and sing and shine, and the new earth is here, and above it and about it and within it, the song and shine of the new heavens wherein dwelleth righteousness and its enhallowing love.





## I AM SOUL.



OT have a soul. I am soul, and I, Soul, have a body.

I am enfleshed, and my flesh I

wear as a robe.

It is not I, but only a gracious garment which I hourly weave, keeping so its grace always smilingly

around me.

Some day, when I am through with it, I will kiss it a grateful goodbye, and speed it to its changes and other gracious services.

I am not formed by my flesh. I form my flesh.

My soul is not formless. My flesh images my soul.

I am form,—not a breath that cometh and goeth,—not an extenuation, as a vapor,—not a vague principle,—not an abstract truth,—not an indefinite love,—not an inorganic life, vague and vacuous. I am soul.

I am life in form.

I am being in organization.

I am truth in definite order.

I am love with individual center.

I am life with metes and bounds, moving within the Infinite Life, but not extending with it, not decentralized by it.

I am soul, and the substance of me is spirit. The

world I live in, the real, inner world, is a world of spirit.

Its sun is the Divine Love itself. Its atmosphere

is the Divine Truth itself.

That sun shines upon me now. That divine ether now I breathe.

That Sun is soul to this outward sun, and that Atmosphere, soul, to the winds that around our earth do hurry on their numberless errands of life.

The world of me, soul, is a very real world, to which this earth of matter is but as a body of flesh.

In the inner world of Divine Spirit I now live, move and have my being.

I am soul, infilling my flesh with life. Flesh is my fellow and familiar friend.

I will not enslave it to passions. I will not heap upon it burdens too grievous to be borne.

I will in no ways abuse it. I will in all ways honor it. In every way I will bless it with my generous appreciation.

Such a willing friend, bending so swiftly to my will,—I will fill it with an all-beautiful life.

I will cleanse it. I will educate it.

I will refine it. I will perfect it. I will make it as the finest of silk.

I am so alive with the light from my Sun of Love that I will shine and shine in my flesh until it shall be lit up with the inner glory.

To my quickened and singing soul, I will so attune it, that it shall be as an exquisite Cremona, thrilling and voicing that Divine Chord I am in the universal symphony of soul.

Because I am soul, I am free.

Because I am free, I give freedom to my flesh.

In the great fellowship of this freedom, we will glorify each other until the bliss of greatening being bids us part.





# I AM DEATH?



AM death?

Not if death is a negative to life; for I am centered in the Great Positive of the Universe.

The All-Loving is the All-Living. Through that All-Loving I glow in an eternal journey.

In that All-Living I am a centered and deathless being.

If death is where Life is not, then I cannot be it, for I am alive forevermore.

A shadow is where light does not fall, and it cannot, therefore, be light.

Yet may a shadow be enlit with light, and in glory pass, as those shadows of the sky we love and name the clouds.

Light's self cannot know the dark. When light is there, the dark is not. The dark cannot, therefore, be anything. Always it must be a no-thing, a blank where light is not now shining—a nothing.

In music the intervals of silence help the song. But for them, it were but sound prolonging into discord, and, without the helpful intervals, nor voice, nor instrument could make the winds glow with the tenderness of song.

To that music which sings to the eye, that music

whose name is color, is not the dark just as the silence, helping out the splendors through which the day awakens to its dawn?

Then, if light is color, if it speaks the partial word and says, "I am color," also, it can speak a partial

word and say "I am dark."

This partial word will enrapture us with color. It will comfort us in the night, stilling our tremors of fear, making us certain of dawn and of day. In expectancy we are alert for the full word, which is "I am light."

And death?

There is only life. I am life.

I am death as into myself I gather up this thing of

dread, and find that it is naught.

My light of life has searched it through and through and found it nothing. My life has sung with it and found it but interval, but rest, as between heart beats, rest, which helps to make my being's music glorious.

I Am! I am being endless; and so it is that death can have no part in me. So it is that I am not death.

And when you think it holds me in its dark embrace, I am not there.

I am shining on, a light unquenched of shadows.

I am always alive. That which you think is dead is but the footprints I have left in the lower levels as I have passed on and clomb the heights.

Perhaps it is excess of light which keeps our eyes from seeing these our blindness calls the dead.

Until we learn to see, it may be that the cooling

shadows, defeating us of the great vision, are a blessed blank before the sky fills up with Light and Life's great chorus of eternal day.

When I see the butterfly wing from the worm, I do

not think nor feel nor call it death.

It is birth, and there is only joy at birth, the joy of butterfiy, the joy of summer's full, the joy of me, the joy of Life's Self singing out some of the voices of its exhaustless melodies, and setting this butterfly unto winging in the Holy Breath of its love.

So, when a soul is freed from flesh, that freeing

must be gracious-sweet.

For who hath eyes to see, there is no lament. There is no thought, nor fear, nor feel of death.

It is just birth, which is ever some bliss of becoming

and never a pang of ceasing to be.

And so I am not death, for there is no death. To me God has no death to give.

There is only life.

God is life and giveth life without a measure and without an end.

From glory to glory, Life eternally journeys. I am not there in that outer form to pass into "silence and pathetic dust." That is but one of my endless journey's footprints.

I am here, embosomed in Life's Self, to know forever just the joy and hallowedness of being alive; in love with life, in love with love, with Being's being in fellowship of bliss that has no end. Why need I fear that which I am? I do not fear that which is but the shadow I cast

as my eternal being lives its eternal life.

The grandeur of that shadow is the grandeur of the light, and the light is something of the eternal grandeur of the Eternal God.





## I AM FORM



HE innermost I,—that is form.

I am organized being.

In me Life centers and has form. Love organizes itself in truth, and I am that truth.

In me the Eternal centers and spheres, and that splendid human

earth am I.

From my innermost of being I come forth, and am

organized spirit...

I come forth, and I am organized mind.

I come forth, and I am organized reason.

I come forth, and I am organized thought.

I come forth, and I am organized flought.

I come forth, and I am organized feeling I come forth, and I am organized flesh.

I come forth, and I am organized flesh.

I am form, and from me my flesh is body.

In my own image and likeness I build flesh, and

my building is this body, this temple of my holy spirit.

Because I am a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, I have a house not made with hands temporal upon the earth.

No thing can hurt this house. No thing wreck it.

No thing tear it down.

No one can banish me from its sacred portals.

Each day I build it new.

Each day I purify the places of its holiness.

Each day I quicken it with joy. Each day I hallow it with life.

Each day the winds of my spirit blow through it, sweetening it with the breath of all the flowers of truth.

Each day the sunshine of love floods it with dawns and with noons of pure life.

It is builded in truth.

The beauty of the Master, Love, is established

upon it, and it is fair as the morning.

It plays unabashed with the hearts of the roses, and it is the familiar of the beauty of birds, while the tones of its voice at unes with the bright singing birds.

The beasts hear, and are unafraid, and give their

answer of love for love.

Lovers are my fellows, and friends delight in me, radiating me truth for truth.

In her whom my soul loves I will complete myself, and we forever abide together in joy, bliss of being

adoring unto bliss of being.

When I leave this home of beauty, in joy I will go; as the ripe peach lets go of the bough; as the butterfly wings from the worm; as from the egg the thrush lifts on the lyrical wings of its lilting and laughing life-song; as one who has had a splendid, full journey, and hears the call of home, answering it with fleet foot, mercury-winged with eagerness to be again at the center of love.

I will leave it with tenderness of farewell, as a mariner leaves his bark with which he has fellowed and frosted and sunned over many waves, mastering many seas in the music of voyage,-leaves, because there are diviner seas to sail, more joyous waves to music over with great adventure.

Sense has splendidly sailed into its final port. It is

fulfilled, and passes.

Soul is asail on immortal seas. Its boat is a body of pure spirit, as if of beaten gold, silken the sails and so perfumed that the very winds that blow on eternal seas are love-sick with them.

Every beat of the oars is joy. Every flutter of sail is gladness.

Every fulness of wind is peace.

The seas are eternal Truth.

Love's self is the sun in the sky, the sun adance on the waves, and the sun alight in her eyes, alight in mine.

In God, the Everlasting, I live eternally. I move without pause from bliss to bliss. I am a being of pure joy without end.

And always I am form, here and hereafter and

forever.

Always I am form, whether in sense or whether in soul.

Always I am form in time, for always I am form in eternity.

Always I am form in flesh or in spirit.

Always I am form, when in consciousness I live in myself, and when in consciousness I live in God.

In the eternal mind, I am a thought, phrased in the

language of life, a thought that was not, nor will be, but a thought that is.

In separateness of form I am. In unity of spirit,

I am.

This I am of me expresses in eternal form. Because of this form, this I am of me has its eternity, rejoicing in the heart of All Love and All Life.

My form is of the pure spirit of God compact.

I am of the pure love of God, a living and eternal part.

I am an eternal emotion of God formed into an

eternal truth of God.

I am eternal form.

No thing decenters and destroys me.

There is no unmasking in all the ways of my spirit.

Deathless, indestructible, I am form.

I am eternal form.





#### I AM ALL



AM all. Something of everything has entered into me, and I am that which is part of my existence.

In food ways, I am wrought of the substance of the earth, and I am that which has entered into my

making.

I am the wheat there rippling laughter to the rejoicing winds, and I am the apple blushing there to the ardent kisses of its lover-sun.

In life ways, too. The lives of the earth have

become my life.

They have become it, as they have given up themselves blending with me.

They have become it in a common fellowship of life, life in me and life in them, attuned to the one symphony.

Of one substance we are, of one life. By right of love I claim them. By might of love I am them.

In beauty ways, also.

The beauty of the sky is beauty in me.

The shine of the star is ashine in me.

The song of the bird is asong in me.

The sheep gentles, not only in the meadow there but here in my heart, making me kind.

The mountain uplifts in my soul as it does in the

light yonder.

The ocean chants to the many shores of my greatress in the subtle world of the spirit, while in the outer world it makes musical shores for all lands anear and afar.

It is summer in my heart, because it is summer in the world.

The year of my soul ripens to enrich in full fellowship the generous gold and plenteous purple of the earth's autumn.

The white spaces of winter have answer from the white spaces of my soul enzoned in truth.

There is an earth, cycling through the sky spaces of my being, as well as through the sky spaces so vast about and above my body's vision.

The sky-sun there, but the soul-sun here, within the universe of my spirit.

This sun within is the shinings of the Everlasting Love.

In spiritual counterpart, I am all.

Within me is the spiritual double of everything, of every life.

Somehow I must love all, that I be loved by all into fulness of being.

Somehow I must serve all, that I be served by all in the gentleness that maketh good and great and glad.

Somehow I must bless all, that I enter into my benediction which all lips are forever speaking to my

soul, from their souls' gentling a grace, mercy and peace.

I am these human lives that live.

This life in me, that life in them, is the One Life. It is our humanity which we are.

The Divine Father of it is Our Father.

Each human life is, therefore, sacred to me. I hallow it. I enrich it with justice. I sweeten it with kindness.

I set it to music for fellowing voices. Together we sing out our discords.

Together we sing in our harmonies of the perfect man.

No note must halt, nor silence from the symphony, or the perfect music can not enchant the heart of God.

So it is my wound there in my brother's heart which I must heal. It is my justice there in him, in his life, which I must achieve.

It is my purity there in her, my sister, with which I must purify.

It is my righteousness there, in the race, which must be wrought out unto the fulness of beauty.

It is my sins there, in which all the sinners are shamed, which must be forgiven.

It is my perfection there in the soul of the race, which must be passioned.

It is my ideal there, which must be actualized in the last, lost, utmost human soul.

It is my Christ-passion which must redeem the

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earth, until within it there is naught but the holiness of love.

I am this race of man.

Together we must repent of our shame, and together enter into our glory.

Of God who is all and in all, I am fellow; I am

child.

It is the self-same spirit here in me as there in Him. By grace of my unity with Him I am all and in all. Together we live our one life in our universe.

We live it in love.

We live it for blessing.

There is no blight cursing from our heart.

There is only bright blessing from our soul, and will bless forever and forever more, as He perfects our fellowship of Father and child through the infinite, immeasurable reaches of His love, loving in my love, adoring in Him through all the infinite, blissful, bright endlessness of being.





# JAM OF USE



O be useful is to be worth while.

To be of service is to be partaker of peace. To fill, to a measure's full, one's place in a universe of action is joy, quickening the mind thrilling the heart, and satisfying the soul.

To know one's self a part of the Being Eternal, and blanking not that part, nor muting its strings, is bliss unspeakable and full of glory.

The useless is in the way.

It hinders the movements of life.

It not only cumbers; it corrupts. Is it not this which we call evil?

From doing naught it corrupts into doing ill, as flesh, unlit with the life of the horse, falls, rots and poisons the air, becoming a shadow of death.

Would I flee evil? My city of refuge is the useful, in which the Soul of all Good shines in the deed

of all service.

Would I run from sickness, I must refuge in service. When the body is athrill with the actions of love, there is within all its unselfish holiness nothing but health.

Would I wing from death, into life, with life I must fly, and life knows nothing but use, giving itself to all bodies, filling the universe full of its joys, serving all needs, where its scant is, the useful unwelcomed, the temple dishallows with selfish inaction. Where usefulness is not, there is that blank of life which, shudderingly we think of as the blight of death.

I am of use, doing my work in the world, and death's black fills with life's bright, the voice of all music now where was the blank of all despair.

It is not the might of my deed, but its spirit which kins it with God, which atunes it with His creation's great deed.

I am of use, living my life in the world.

It is not my life's vastness, but its sweetness of service, which makes it apulse with His who is Life's Self in infinite action and good.

I am of use by the simple grace of my being. That which I am is a service.

Unto God's hand I am ductile, fulfilling his artistdesire, giving His usefulness way, that it thrill into deed and light like a star in the sky of earth's night.

In my need He is blessed, for I give Him the joy of a service, and the bliss of living His life for another, that no selfishness darken His bright,—no lone-liness discord His love. When I am enriched by His Spirit, somehow He is enriched by me, His heart of a Father having in me the fulfillment, the joy of a child.

I am of use, as I let His glory of love out into the world.

My mind is that His truth may think in the world of man.

My heart is that His love may bless in the world

of man.

I give Him a human face that HE may smile out

upon the world of man.

I give Him a human life that HE may live among men, having many a great and a hallowing fellowship.

I am a mind with which He thinks.

I am a heart with which HE loves.

I am a hand with which HE services.

I am a life with which He lives.

I am of use.

I am of use, thinking His thoughts with Him. I am of use loving His loves with Him.

I am of use, living His lives with Him.

I am of use, rejoicing with Him in the beauty of His world.

When I love His rose, I serve. When I adore His child, I minister unto Him in the grace of rejoicing in a beauty of His artist-soul.

In my appreciation of all that He has made, I am of use, as auditors to an orator, as listeners to the soul enchanting itself to the winds in a violin, as a lover entreating with love's adoring words. Love always moves to some one. If I am that some one, I am of use to that love.

For some one the deed is done. If for me it is done, I measure use unto use in receiving the deed.

I am of use, receiving the love of God, the service of men.

I am of use, giving love unto God, giving service to men.

In the great love and life we are one, God and I, man and I; and, chorousing together the symphony of being, we fellowship in usefulness, each note needed by the whole, each chord essential.

So I am of use; and in my conscious usefulness

is my conscious greatening and glory.

I shine in the deed, and the night of the useless is gone, the death of the useless, swallowed up of life, as suns drink up dark nights in great dawns.

I am of use.





# I AM RIGHTEOUSNESS



AM right! What a consciousness of power in that; what a peace; what a joy.

Not in the victory over another in a vulgar contention of opinions. Not in any small selfishness of any kind. But in the deep, large truth of being.

In the sweet, satisfying ways of a full life. In the soul's uplift unto God, wherein it knows that it is eternal one with the Holy Being from which all beings come.

In the soul's lostness in God, feeling Love as the only reality, in some primal being's holiness, saying, as naturally as dawn says its day, "I am righteousness,"—this is to annihilate all shadows, to make all crooked paths straight, to sing out all discords, to sing in all harmonies and holinesses of being without end.

To be right within our innermost center of being, and, then, to radiate that rightness into all the outgoings of our manifestation, until our words sing in their truth and our life glows in its love and the very flesh of us is an ordered beauty—this is the great attainment, this the holiness of joy, this the joy of holiness, this the finality of being.

And through simplest things lies the path of this great attainment.

To plumb our words true—all of our words, as if they were the very foundation stones of our holy city.

To square our acts unto righteousness, as if the

universe might go out of poise, were we not true.

To live each moment in a rounded fulness, which intends that the year of our earth-life shall, in its fruitage, justify God in His giving unto us, for a beautiful doing, the task of ourselves.

This, in the littlest things and joyous as a child at its play, forgetting even to say it, gives us the right to declare, "I am righteousness"; for it is only that which we are in our centering and in all our outshinings from our center. Then is the joy of God in us, and the perfect of God is the bliss in which we adore, in which we achieve our life in the beauty of holiness.

In this there is no presumptuous pride, nothing of that which is always hollow with pretenses; but only the genuine simplicities which sum up into the great-

ness of God.

The absence of a grain of sand from the universe would impair the perfectness of God. Ceasing as a sand grain, it does not and cannot pass beyond the In essence it still is

So your righteousness, though infinitely small, is needed to complete the righteousness of the Infinite God. You somehow belong to the very holiness of the Divine Being.

When you can say in your life, "I am right," and

in the deeps of your soul, "I am righteousness," you have committed no folly to be frowned upon. You have voiced a wisdom in which the smile of God forever greatens and sweetens, and grows mellow-ripe.

I am righteousness, and in that righteousness is the bright Eternal Being-Smile of God and the bright eternal being-smile of me, sunshining together through

our eternity.





#### I AM ETERNAL



HINGS change, but do not pass out of the universe. Matter may disappear as matter, but its essence has not been subtracted from the universe, nor can be.

We have mistaken the form of life for the self of life, and, shudder-

ingly, called our mistake, death.

The shadow which our ignorance casts we have mistaken for substance, and have darkened about in our own confusion.

We have decentered ourselves into matter, and mat-

ter has been digging us graves.

Centering ourselves in mind, mind will build us palaces.

Centering ourselves in spirit, spirit will create us a new heaven and a new earth.

blessings without end.

Centering ourselves in soul, soul will give us its Centering ourselves in Life, Life will give us its eternities.

The apparent I, is of time, and fleets away with swift wing.

The real I is of eternity, and its every flight, a bliss of endless being, a song of ceaseless life.

I refuse the apparent. I accept the real.

I am no more the bond-slave of time. I am the free child of eternity.

I am no more the victim of the grave. Death is

but a dark through which I dawn.

The body is but a womb out of which I am born. In my flesh are the wings of my spirit, and eternities of spirit, I fly.

I am uncreate. In the eternity of God is my home. If I am on a journey, it is on a journey home, eternal

home.

I am eternal, and into my eternity I gather the souls

of this earth as I pass.

It is the soul of the rose that I love into the soul of me, and so there are no rose-fadings that sadden me.

It is the soul of my friends that I fellowship into my soul, and so no grave can sting with its poison

my joy.

It is the soul of a woman that I love into my soul, and so death wins no victories over my love. It can not shadow out the bright eternity of my loving.

I am eternal. And it is truth eternal which I am

finding and living.

It is love eternal which I am finding and adoring. These are souls eternal, which I am finding and fellowing.

It is life eternal which I am feeling and forth-

shining.

It is being eternal which I am. I am centered in God, my home, and He is eternal Home.

#### I Am Eternal

I am eternal, and in my eternity glorify my time.

I give great meanings to everything.

I give great love to every one.

I live great life in the midst of these years.

Unto me there is nothing petty and mean and small. Therefore, I can do nothing that is petty and mean and small.

I dignify everything with my eternity.

I sweeten every one with my joy that shines out the shadows of graves.

I can only love; I can only bless; I am so great. Even as God, I can divinely give myself; for I am Eternal!





# I AM A FREE SOUL



AM a free soul.

I am free from any birth-shadow, that race or individual thought may have placed upon me. Disposition does not darken me. Mood does not master me.

In light is my center; and Light

is my master.

From that inmost center of Light, I shine and radiate and annihilate every shadow which has darkened my spirit through my flesh. My inner light makes dawn through all my thoughts, my feelings and my flesh.

The outward me is born anew, a child of the One Great Divine, Eternal Light. No shadow more can possess me. Through them all I smile, and they beautify and pass. Upon them smiles my light's rainbow. How they beautify, as they go from me forever.

It is sunrise. My dark is all past. That is my night hurrying away from me on wings of splendoring color. How its hurry glorifies in the smile of my great free light.

A free soul!—a great free soul! by light freed from every distressing shadow. How I scintellate,

as if the very flesh of me were light.

How I radiate, as if the very soul of me were sun! How I glow, as if within my heart furnaced the One Divine Love, burning all my gold into its shining.

My dawn!

How glorious it is to be!

These flowers, dew-jeweled, are the smiles of the Great Light, awakening in my soul their answering

love-smiles of beauty.

These birds, how they pencil the air with wings, as if they were artists of joy, rippling all my winds with bright, contagious laughters,—O they are artists,—artists of sound,—hear how they rejoice into songs as the winds and their throats fellow in artist passions of gladness!

And these sheep, these horses, these cattle,—the great affections of me, the great strong reason, the wisdom of this my outwardness,—and these acres fruitful in every furrow, every field,—it is my great world-life; full of plenty, no lack anywhere,—just an outer perfect atuned with my inner and eternal perfect.

What a revelation my Great Light brings to me! What a man I am,—virile, masterful, splendid beyond what I had ever dreamed.

What a life I live,—poised, peaceful, successful;

in everything I do, the touch of a master hand.

So bright and winning the smile of me, the smile of my life, that things love to come unto me, so happy to be in my fellowship.

Money loves to come within my magic gladness to, by me, be glorified in uses that are never sad, but ever a glory and a joy.

People rejoice to come within my radiancy, becoming my friends and fellows in great enterprise,

in great life.

I ask for nothing, for all is mine, --- joy first, and,

in this joy, all else besides.

This smile of me, like the sun, kindles as it overcomes the adverse,—making light where darkness was; making fruits and all things fair where death before held reign,—O just the joy of using everything which before seemed foe as artist stuff out of which to create that which is, of beauty and use a splendid part,—that is a joy, kindled and glowed from the genius of God.

How each day fascinates, that I may live it,

greatly.

How each evening invites, that I may enter the peaceful afterglow of my full and earnest day.

And night is an enchantress Mother in whose arms,

upon whose bosom I sleep and renew.

How she vitalizes me! How she heals my every hurt.

How she washes away each stain of heart, each dust of mind.

From her quickening embraces and her stilling kisses, I come forth born anew,—as much as comes the earth, a new and gracious, more fruitful earth, from out this same, embosoming, holy night.

I am as one who thinks light, all his thoughts and purposes and achievements, just light's irresistible rays.

I breathe bliss of endless being.

Joy is apulse in my heart.

My feet and my hands seem as if they sang in their eagering ways.

O it is glorious to just be! It is grand ever to just live!

It is joy inexpressible to achieve the deed of a full and successful life.

Nothing can defeat me; no shadow can darken within me; no scant can distress me; fulness of myself, of my life, of my everything is mine; for I am light; I am laughter; I am fulness of life.

I thrill and scintillate in the achievement of great days.

I am free! I am a free soul.





# I AM THE PERFECT



N deep and eternal reality, I am that which God imagined in the deeps of His Being.

He is the Perfect whose imaginations are perfect. What He loves, within Himself to project from Himself, must be perfect, for within Him

imperfection has no place.

That me, there in the creative heart of God, is the real me.

This shadow me, wandering in the midst of shadows, is somehow an illusion. To clear myself of this illusion is now the great necessity.

Illusion never clears with illusion. Shadow never passes in shadow, but by shadow only darkens. By the imperfect the imperfect can not perfect. Only unto something greater than me can I greaten.

Only with an ideal in its heart, and a sky in which to grow, can the acorn live out of the soil into the oak. With my ideal, perfect, as my soul, and with God, Perfect, as my sky, I can grow into what will satisfy the exactitude of God's thrilling smile.

I am the perfect I would be.

The perfect is not something without me unto which I must climb. It is something within me, which I am to disclose.

It is not in a light shining upon me. It is in a light shining from out me.

It is not something into which I am to escape. I

is something which I am to free.

It is not something I am to grow into. It is some-

thing I am to live.

It is myself, and myself I am to declare until there is none to doubt nor deny my truth,—not even myself.

When I declare unto myself the truth, I am; when I accept the truth I am, then will I live the

truth I am.

When I live the truth I am, every thing about me lives the truth I am.

Unto the disclosure of my perfect, there is the dis-

closure of the perfect everywhere.

My perfect calls to the earth, and the earth with its perfect answers.

My perfect calls unto men, and men with their perfect answer.

We are always getting the answer of ourself,—love, if we are loving,—truth, if we are truthful,—the beauty of the Christ, if we are the spirit of the Christ.

From soil and sun and air, the oak gets the oakanswer. And the pine, from the same soil and sun and air, gets the pine-answer. And from the very same the peach gets the peach-answer. From this earth-life the sheep gets the sheep-answer. The horse gets the horse-answer. And man gets the man-answer. From the human life the Christ got the Christanswer, multiplying himself by the souls he loved and the souls who adored him.

I give as I am.

I can not bless unless I am blessed. I get as I am. The earth can not bless unless I am blessed. I am the key-tone in which the universe of Divine Good Will wirelesses to me.

For me God is perfect only unto my perfect.

Inmostly I am perfect. The whole of life is to

manifest that perfect.

I must believe in the perfect, and search it out everywhere, in every one. Then will I find that I have lived out myself but to find myself everywhere,—here on earth,—there in heaven,—wherever I am eternalizing through the universe.





### I AM LIGHT



N the One Light of Divine Love I am. That Light is my being's center.

Out of it I have my rise into consciousness.

In it I have my continuance of life.

Out of my being's center it shines and shines and shines, into my soul, until I feel me all a glow of light; into my mind, until I think me aflame with light; into my body, until my flesh thrills as with the radiancy of a great new morning.

I am all surrounded by this light, hallowed by this light, protected by this light. Nothing but good can go out from me, ashining through all its radiant rays.

Nothing but good can come in unto me through the

brillance of its holy burning.

I am panoplied all about, beneath and over, by the pure outglowing of the Spirit of the All-Living, All-Loving, All-True, All-Wise, All-Present and All-Mighty God.

This Divine Light shines out of me all shadows of my past. Every gloom of my darkening yester-

days is gone.

All subtle and subconscious impressions of every kind, all memories of them, all the black horrors of them are gone forever as in the splendor of my being's eternal morning, when every thought seems dew and rose and bird and song.

I am all bright and new in my memory. Only

the beautiful is there, only the good and the true.

I am all bright and new in the real and feel of my nerves. They seem of light, athrill with light, and tuned like a violin; my poised vitality, that violin's

voicing of great song.

I am all awinged and new in every cell of my brain, as if it were a June orchard, blossoms just born, birds just born, wind, sunshine, everything, just born. It is so glorious to have a brain all reborn in the shining grace of Divine Truth.

My lungs are all new, every cell of them, every tiniest fibre of them. It is joy and fullness of life to breathe. I breathe, not only air. I breathe spirit and

life and love.

My heart is all new. It is abeat with poise and peace and power. It ruddies my blood throughout all my flesh, in the nourishment of every organ, as if it were light,—the very light of Life's Self, sacramented into my body's grail, that my flesh be redeemed and hallowed, of the Beauty of Holiness. The feel of it is all so finer than any violins to which any listening heart has grown ecstatic.

New is every organ of my body. Each chords perfect, with itself, with its fellows, and my symphony of health blesses every wind that blows and fills

with its beauty all my hours and my days.

I am a radiant, transformed new woman, a pure

delight and noble blessing to all who are about me, to all who love me and call me friend.

I have the Christ vision. I see something of the

Divine in every thing, in every one.

Upon that Divine I gaze and gaze, long and earnestly, until I can see nothing but it. My vision of it is so radiant, so winning, so compelling, that each one awakens to the beauty they are, and radiantly realizes more than my vision sees.

So the beloved of my heart and home is transformed, and fills in an overplussing measure all my

ideals of him.

So my home is transformed until all the dreams I ever had of home are awake and true and shining in Love's great and holy light.

What friends I now have, -so perfect, their friend-

ship like exquisite music.

What days of dew and dream and quiet and high fulfillment.

What nights of joy and rest and great renewing. And in this all there is nothing passing. It abideth forever.

It is a realization of my own eternity,—the eternity of pure being, as the Divine Being of Father and Mother in their holiest blisses of love eternally begets me and keeps me their child.

I am light,—a child of the Eternal Light, and I shine through the earth and I shine through the Universe, and there is no shadow in which is my being-lights ending.



#### I AM ENOUGH

N the universe is an infinite abundance of everything. Sufficient unto the universe is the universe.

In it there is not lack of anything. Lack is in failure to rightly relate

to it.

Into every atom the infinite opens as resource. To possess the fulness of my want, I need not travel away from myself. Into me the Infinite pathes. Through me are all its great highways. All that it has is here; and, here in me, is all that it is.

I am not distressed that there be a lack of air. The earth's atmosphere is tributary to my each breath. It is air without end.

So of Life and Life's delights. For every call of Life there is always adequate answer, if the call chords true.

If desire hungers true, there is no unfulfilled desire. Color? It ceases not from the sky and the earth. It riots everywhere.

Form? Its infinite multiplications are in sand and star, in the light-belted earth and my thought-thrilled brain.

Love? Its fulness fills all. It is the soul of the air and the soul of me. It globes in the grace of all

beating hearts; and within the great chorus of Being can I not sing unto my very own, while each other to his very own is singing?

Life? There is only Life? Live! live! live!

That is all. That is enough.

Live! And unto Life will come its own full own, its enough own; and what is more than that is another's, and we would rob none, we would have lack nowhere, we would have no heart ache in blank.

There is enough. And I am that enough.

When I realize that I am what I desire, then will the God within me be known in the grace of satisfying fulness.

When I realize that I am the answer to my every question, then the Divine Truth within me will come into its own shiningly.

When I realize that I am the fulness I yearn,

feasts of the Divine Goodness forever satisfy.

When I realize that I am the Life I wish to live endlessly, what is there more but just to endlessly live myself?

This is the great lesson. The thing which does not come as life to my life comes as death to my

death.

The thing that comes too much to the call that clamors too much comes with shadows, with satieties, with disappointments, with discords, with distresses, with deaths. Whether it is food to eat, knowledge to use, love to enjoy, truth to think, things to possess, or life to live.

Too much is a ferment, poisoning. Enough is a golden flute unto which my every breath turns into song.

With the enough-me everything enough fellowships; and out of the song of us together, not a note

lost, not a chord missed.

That which is within me is that which I find without me.

I must be a thing before I can really have a thing. No matter the appearance, that which I am not, I do not have.

What my possessions are, that I am.

When I am not what I own, things possess me, and I am slave.

So being enough, I have enough, even eternal-

enough.

I am enough, and unto me the earth gives the fulness of my desires, and the heavens showers upon me their plenteousness, and life lacks never a heart beat, and God chords unto my soul the fulness of being, and gives me His eternities for my heavens of delight.

I am enough!





# I AM AT PLAY



UST to be happy is just to be alive. clear to my finger tips, clear to the tips of my toes. My very hair seems to lift as if it would play with the winds. My face ripples with smiles. My voice laughs and sings.

I am a little girl. I race with the breezes, blowing sweet brother-calls from the orchard. I play with the shadows on the grass, hide and seek, hide and seek, as their boughs with windlaughters sway. I smile with the sun. We just blink our eyes at each other in play-joy.

The leaves of the trees rustle for me. For me ripen the fruits. For me beauty the flowers. For me are the songs of the birds. For me the ripple

of rills.

I am just happy because I am alive.

I will be a little girl today, and everything I do will be play.

What dear delight of a play house I have. How I

enjoy sweeping it, keeping it clean.

It is just fun to cook; and, setting the table with these real dishes, for my play-sweetheart and my playbaby, beats picnicking and dancing and drop the handkerchief and all the other games of the other vears.

It is such fun to insist that my husband is only a little boy come in from playing store to play dinner with me. It is such rare joy to have my daughter my play-sister; and what fun we have playing together!

She and I are playing that she is grown up, and that she is going out into the big world to teach school. We sit down together and in imagination make a

picture of her school.

It is a great school; its principal wise and kind; its associate teachers all gracious; its scholars cheerful, bright, responsive. She has a fine success. Her pupils love her and quicken under her teaching. She is so happy in her work, so joyous in her success.

And we are just so happy! just as joyous here together with bright and cheerful imaginations seeing her success, as we will be when this our spiritual cre-

ation shall manifest in the outer.

There is so much to make me happy. I want to

see it all, and be it all and laugh it all.

My home! How my heart would ache, if I didn't have it. So in having it, I am just happy,

happy, happy!

My husband! If death took him, I would be desolated for his presence. So I will rejoice in him now, and he shall be my lover-playmate, and there shall be no frown nor scold nor grown-up care.

My daughter! I am going to just be happy with her every day she is here at home with me, congenial, never an impatience, never an anger, never a quarrel. Food! I am grateful for it. It is such a joy to have it in plenty. I eajoy having it. To eat it is a delight. To eat it with those I love is a sacrament of gladness.

The sun in its rising! The sun in its noonshine! The sun in its setting! If some night it never came again into the sky, how dreary the endless dark would be! So I rejoice in it, so grateful for the sun and its bright-smiling days.

Sleep! O the pure joy of sleep, and its rest and renewing! Dear soft and silken friend, always here; however I welcome you, ever doing your gracious work. Hereafter, without fail, you will be always welcomed with a smile. I will gratefully love you and receive you.

The waking! How fine it is to have the light of life within me to look up and out into the light of dawn. When those two lights meet and kiss, that is the joy of life; and I am so gloriously glad that I am alive that my gladness just smiles all through my day.

I take these joys, so many of them; so many of them, I forget to count them,—I take these joys and twist them into a torch. How it flames with its white light of laughter!

I am searching now for my sorrows. Here, sorrow that made me weep, come! I want to look through you and see just why you make me weep.

How strange! I can not see you in this light.

Where are you? What have you to say? Well! well! I see nothing; I hear nothing.

And yet a little while ago I saw it, and it made

me weep.

This is indeed a magic light,—this light of joy. I can not find my shadows with it. I can not find my tears. I look for them with it, and lo! they are like a sun-lit dew, so diamond-bright, and passing in the light's ripe laughter.

How strange, that with this joy-torch I can not find a single sorrow; I cannot see a single shadow; I cannot find a single reason why I should feel sad and

weep!

O, this is such fun, hunting out my sorrows with a smile, searching for my griefs with my gladnesses, hunting for my tears with my suns of laughter, seeing them rapture into rainbows as they pass.

Why just to think! I can not find them so. Why, now I know I haven't any. It was nightmare, and

I am awake.

These were just some neighbor's sorrows that looked in upon me through my door, and I all so

foolishly thought that they were mine.

No more that mistake for me. When again they come, looking through my door, I will shake this torch of my laughters at them, and they will cease to be, may be even for my neighbor.



# BEGOTTEN OF LOVE



AM begotten of pure spiritual Love. In that Love is my being's center. In that Love is my present and eternal reality as a living soul.

I am a great soul. There is nothing little or mean or discordant about me. Such dust things can

not even come near my spiritual garments, and they can not soil me.

I am a queen, and in the realm of pure spirit, I reign in genial grace and magnificent power.

"The queen's garments are all glorious within.

They are of wrought gold."

My purple is silkened in a loom which earthly fingers have not fashioned. It is a more than Tyrian dyes which make their gleaming splendor. I wear them with a grace beyond that grace with which the scarlet taniger wears his feathered flames.

It is the glories of my thoughts which clothe me. The splendors of my love give life to my thoughts.

I am life. This beautiful inward spiritual body of mine is life-woven. It is scintallant, radiant, thrilling with all the graces of dew and dream.

This inermost me is the beautiful and loving mistress of this outer one. I scepter all the thoughts of my outer brain, as the sunshine scepters the fields, and I, too, get my answers in a beauty as fine as the grass and the flowers; in a bounty as large as the autumn's fulness of the ripened fruits.

I accept my outer self. I love it. It is like

some splendid instrument.

It is my Cremona, and I, a mistress of song. So lovingly I atune it. With such a grace of gentleness I handle it. With such a fervor of song I caress it; and it sings for me divinely.

I so enchant everything about me, until almost

I find that things live and love me.

I so enchant lives, that I seem an Orpheus, all the beasts, both tame and wild, are stilled of their enmities, and lie about my feet in gentle fellowship.

I so enchant people that they are my great friends, conspiring together for the joy of serving me, in

truth and honor with a plenteous service.

I have, in every thing, only success; because the radiant soul of me shines upon everything and condition, and gets the answer of its own bright shining.

It is such a joy to live.

It is such a pleasure to do.

My success satisfies me as his picture the great artist.

I so love everything and everybody in this deep and poised principle of my being, that, while I am a sun transcending all this outer, I am yet, as the sun, a creating smile, in every condition and unto every one with whom I have any of the relationships of life.

I rejoice that I have found myself.

I rejoice that I am such a radiantly beautiful being.

I glory in my splendor.

The shine of that glory is upon everything and everyone.

This is, even worldly life abundant and without

measure.

It is spiritual life with infinite ecstacies, quickening with their eternities.

O God, I thank Thee for what I am.

I thank Thee for the splendor of myself. I thank

Thee for the glory of living.

I rejoice to live a life in keeping with the dignity with which Thou dost eternally dower me.





### WE ARE ONE



NNERMOSTLY, eternally, my husband and I are embosomed in the Divine Love and Truth of pure Being Itself.

We are One, husband and wife,

from eternity unto eternity.

Of the Divine Being we are. In

that Being we are forever and forevermore, and this is our glory and our exceeding joy, great beyond telling.

This ONE of us is eternal ONE of us.

This wife and husband of us is wife and husband

of us in a glory without end.

The white flame of this eternal nuptualing shines into and through the soul of us, so that within this spiritual mind of us, this spiritual body of us, there is no defilement of disloyalty. Truth is within the one soul of us, more white and flaming than the noon day sun into which no darkness does nor can enter.

The white flame of this eternal nuptualing shines into and through this natural mind of us, so that no thought, no imagination, no purpose is there but the

white of its own light.

Each to the other, in this one mind of us is as true as the truth is true in and to itself, rejoicingly, divinely true,—the white eternal loyalty of itself,

brighter than suns which from its brightness take their rise.

The white flame of this eternal nuptualling shines into and through the very lungs of us. It is white breath that breathes, so white in the truth of us that no alien black can enter in and defile.

The white flame of his eternal nuptualing shines into and through the very heart of us, so that there is not a beat of it that discords with any unfaith, each

beat just the joy of our adoring, loyal love.

The white flame of this eternal nuptualing shines into and through the very flesh of us, so that there is no feel of any kind, no touch, no kiss, but that is holy with the holiness of our great and divine marriage.

The white flame of this eternal nuptualing shines into and through the very bodies of us, fulfilling their beautiful, divne intent, burning in such a holiness of truth's thrilling fire, that nothing alien can defile and blaspheme this temple of the living and Eternal God of our Marriage Truth.

The white flame of this eternal nuptualing enlightens us with the truth that we twain are one flesh,—in the unity so true, so loyal, that to unite in any way with any other flesh, would be like the blasphemy of self-defilement, like the ensanguined hands of self-murder.

O eternally beautiful white nuptial flame; burn on, flame on, and light us to our final glory, wherein we weave and weave our adorations into one great Eter-

nal White of Being, and so through each other, find the eternal God of all Being whose radiant Truth, whose Love is the MANSELF, the WOMANSELF Divine, whose nuptialing, perfect and eternal, begets all things with an eternal begetting, with continuous creation of Bliss of Being without end; and whose creative adorings of each other we are.

So has your wife written whitely, with the full acceptance of the truth. So will my husband read

whitely, with the full acceptance of the truth.

In this truth, realized in our spiritual and fleshly consciousness, we will demonstrate the opulence of true marriage in a divinely beautiful earthly life, and, in death and eternity, be not divided from each other; but be together in the fulness of the smile of God whose holiness is the love of us and the being of us without end.





### YOU ARE



OU are my own beautiful boy, whom I loved into the world, and whom in the world I love.

You are good, and can do no evil. You are true, and can do nothing false.

You are clean, and can do nothing that stains the white purity of your soul.

You are noble, and can do nothing base.

You are beautiful, and can do nothing ugly.

You are love, and can do nothing unlovely.

You are a great soul, and can not live a small, a petty life.

You are a divine soul, and rejoice to live divinely,

the white honors of God dear unto you.

You love me, and can do nothing that would wound me.

You revere me, and your every desire is to make me glad.

I love you, and claim for you every good that is in the heart of God.

I love you, and claim for you every good that is in the world.

I love you, and claim for you perfection of being. I love you, and claim for you fulness of life.

I love you, and claim for you every true joy of this

world and the world to come.

I love you and claim you to be a deathless and greatening soul throughout the Eternity of the Love of the One Perfect Father and Mother, whose adorations beinged you through me, onto my bosom, into my home.

Sleep, sleep, my boy, deep and sweet, sleep in the bosom of the Divine Mother, to bring some holy

fragrance of her into your awaking.

Awake renewed, remade, quickened in your radiant, glorious manhood, breathing the breath of your divine noblesness, your heart escutcheoned with the

white honor of God.

Be the very child, in everything and always, which "God thought about when he invented you in the deeps of His Fatherhood," which God is lovingly thinking about now, inventing you in the deeps of Her Motherhood.





# I AM RICHES



NMOSTLY, spiritually, I am a part of that Thinking Life whose bounty blesses in the skies, and fills the earth with every fulness, so that every need of everything is lavishly supplied.

I can no more lack an inward bounty, than I can exhaust the air

by breathing it, than I can exhaust the sunshine by seeing it. It is plenteousness of spirit and life without end. I am more than a millionaire. I am an eternity of exhaustless spiritual riches.

Always something of the eternal expresses in time. So from Spiritual Truth, the abundance of the waters, in wells, runs, rivers and oceans. So from Spiritual Love, the measureless productions of the soil, immeasurable bushels of wheat, countless carloads of fruit, numberless flowers in gardens and glades, in forests and fields, crowding the valleys with charm, o'er topping mountains with gentlest grace.

Belonging to the spiritual bounty, under this law of manifestation, I belong to the natural bounty. Plenty is mine. It can not keep away from me. I am its home. All things are my children. They laugh and play around me. They mature and go forth into the world to live their great life, greatly enriching others, bearing the grace of my love as their

smile, the grace of my truth as their faithfulling ministries of good.

My business can but prosper. It is a part of the bounty of the universe, a part of the plenteousness of the earth. Its spirit is the spirit of service. I greatly gain that I may greatly give. I greatly gather that I may greatly scatter upon all fields of the human need.

My business grows, even as in spirit I grow. I radiate good cheer, neighborliness, and an integrity of service, which brings into its sphere as plenteous a people, having need, as the clover fields bring bees, having honey-hungers, to their blossoms, enriching, enriched.

I love my business, and, through it, I love my fellows in this human life. My brothers and sisters of the human life love me through my business. They delight to trade with me. Their trade enriches me. My services enrich them. We are happy together.

Money, so necessary for an interchange of natural services, comes to me in plenteousness. My bills are always promptly met, and I have such fun paying them. My till is always full, and my bank account

runs away ahead of my check book.

When any good cause enlists my heart and my judgment, I have wherewith to give, and I give in the spirit of the One Great Love which has given me being and placed me here in an earth so crowded with everything, and more than everything, which any and everybody needs.

My business has my uttermost attention. I am

punctual, accurate, making no mistakes. The outermost has the full and unwearied attention of my perfect of natural powers and business experiences.

But I live and think in the Spirit; and, from the great wisdom and power of the Spirit, I think and speak and act in my business. In the wisdom of the silence, I ensoul my business; in the wisdom of the word I embody it. From the Spirit I am its master, doing it always with the joy and the success of great genius. Of it I am joy-master, and it splendidly attunes to my song of dilligencing delight.

So my business, not only more than satisfies me with its outward tasks and outward results, but it helps my growing of soul. I get out of it spiritual joy and spiritual quickening. It helps me realize that I am of the bounty of the Universe an eternal part.

It enriches me with the great spiritual joy with which the Master heart in the universe rejoices to do the deeds of his immeasurable kindnesses through all the changing, fleeting natural, through all the abiding eternal spiritual.

While of the body, it is of the soul,—its soul and mine. While it is of time, it is of eternity.—its eternity and mine. The service in business is spiritual and

its fine doing is worship.



#### CENTERED IN LOVE

N my inmost being I am centered in Love.

That Love shines into the mind of me, and every dark thought is forever gone before the brightness of its radiancy.

There is no fear in my mind, distressing me. All is love! all is light. There is noth-

ing to fear, nothing to harm me.

My mind is poised and at peace. My mind is truth. It thinks with clearness. Its thoughts are wise.

I have the creative might of wisdom. In the might

of that wisdom I create myself anew.

I think thoughts of beauty, and I am the beauty I think. I think thoughts all new, like a baby just perfectly born; and I am the new which I think.

A child,—a sweet, clean, radiant, laughing child: I am a child again. I am new and everything is new; and my life, my beautiful life, is just before me.

O my life is all aglow within me. It is the life of the Eternal Love, and how I live! What a joy this to create my outer self all anew; all anew! to be the artist of myself, geniusing myself towards the beauty of the perfect.

There, where were ashes,—the ashes of hopes, the ashes of my youth, the ashes of my high resolves, the ashes of all my failure, I put all my thoughts of beauty, and, lo! it is a garden abloom with every fair flower and fruitful tree, ashes transfigured, sorrows into their glory come.

Among its blossoms wing the birds, enchanting the

winds in a song.

Among its grassy ways, under its trees, matching it beauty for beauty, race and laugh and play the little children of every dream I had, come awake and come true.

And more than they! and more than they! These new, eternal children of my new day, of my new eternal life,—they just eternalize in their joy of being mine.

O it is such a joy to live, every thought of my life, true; every feeling of my life, love; every word of my life, wisdom; every act of my life, righteousness; every movement of me, a radiancy of blessing!

My flesh is created new like that but just born

rose.

My brain cells are not the old ones, grooved with thoughts of failure, running about and making their din in my mind.

They are new. They can manifest only true thoughts. They can shine only in beautiful thoughts. Only in loving thoughts can they glow,—glow like a day in June. O the glory of this new brain of mine!

With new lungs I breathe, and the all-encompassing air fills and thrills me with the perfect health.

This heart abeat within me is new. It rudies vigor through all my veins. Its beatings are the very bliss of life. I feel me as if I could fly in its fine,

cheering vitality.

My taste trues, and I hunger and thirst for only that which belongs to a perfect body. No fevers of any alien enemy can burn in my tongue, nor parch in my throat. Only what belongs to this new and eternal me can enter this holy city of myself. Only what fits and sings with my symphony of soul has entrance into any part of me.

I can not touch what is not my inmost own. For me things are musical instruments. I can only put fingers upon what belongs to the song of my soul. That I awaken with my musical skill, and it sings the hours divinely, phrasing them in joy and love and peace!

No discord belongs to my soul. No discord can sound from my touch; no discord, distress from my lips; nor from my life make desolations and wounds.

Only truth and right belong to me, making their harmonies of wholeness, singing their anthems of

health.

Beauty is mine. So perfect is my smell, that only enters my soul, odors of flowers and fruits, scents that are as incense to the Eternal Love, dwelling within and receiving the worship of His outer world.

Beauty looks out from my eyes, and can see noth-

ing but beauty. I am beauty-entranced. Truth looks out from my eyes, and can see nothing but truth. Beauty and truth, from all the outer world, enter into me through my eyes, and it is beauty without end,—all the beauty I need, in which to glorify my outer self, and myself which is eternal.

My ears hear but song. Love listens in my ears,

and, to its listening, there is only love to answer.

The love of everything, of everyone sings to me. The goodness of everything, of everyone sings into me, and I am blessed without measure, and find the earth, even as God said in the beginning, "Very Good."

To the truth of me my flesh attunes, and it is as the flesh of a babe. Every bit of my body is new.

This new body fits divinely the new soul of me. I rejoice in my body perfect. My flesh sings to my soul. My soul voices in my flesh.

I am a word of Divine Beauty, and my body is

that word made flesh.





# CENTERED IN JUSTICE



HE innermost of me is centered in justice,—the justice which keeps suns burning, and stars alight; which brings the punctual seasons, and makes each thing of the earth bring forth after its kind; which is the fidelity of steel, the indestructibility

of silver, and the faithful integrity of gold; which is the greatness of the great, the honor of the honorable,

and the truth of the faithful and the kind.

Justice is within me a life, and nothing of darkness can shadow its bright. I realize its living beauty through all my being. I rejoice to think it in all my thoughts, to feel it in all my emotions, to express it through all my words and my actions.

I will not allow the injustice of any one to have any permanent place within me. I refuse it, like I refuse discords when my voice sings, or my fingers

play.

I encounter it in the outwardness of my life, as passing through the earth I hear noises—the noises of the street, of engines puffing, of hammers pounding; but I will not bring the noise home with me. It shall not enter into my peace, discording the great inner harmony of my soul.

When in the midst of discordant sounds, I do not

resent them, getting into their vibrations. I hold myself in poise, do with them what I must, keeping my serene center unroughed, and pass on forgetting them.

So in the midst of injustice, I will handle it with my best wisdom, but refuse to become a part of its littleness, to answer selfishness with selfishness, pettiness with pettiness, spite with spite.

I am not a part of it. It is not a part of me. When, my best wisdom helping me, I make an adjustment, I put the matter out of my feelings, out of my thoughts. It has ceased to exist for me.

Of those who have been unjust, they pass as an unpleasant wind, and are no more, myself sweetened with the fragrance of the Divine Justice. I will not discomfort myself with thoughts of them. Their troubles shall not enter my peace, disturbing its calm. I bury my face in all good and noble actions, and, in their fragrance, forget that there is aught in the world but perfume, but clean, sweet air and rain-washed winds.

The outward of it all, the thing, the person,—everything whatsoever,—ceases to exist for me, into me can not enter. As I would refuse to think a bad thought, I refuse to think of them, giving me the suggestion of the unlovely, harshening, discording imperfect.

So, when I think of them at all, I will think of them in terms of their best. My innermost realization thinks unto their innermost sense of justice, and in spirit I meet them within and far above sense and the

realm of things.

I can not love the unlovely. To do so were to wrong truth and beauty and goodness, and to make love some ugliness, as if I wounded and marred an enchanting face.

I refuse to let unloveliness within the temple of my holiness. I refuse to stain my whiteness with it. Within me here it can have no place. In this pure

beauty of my spirit it has no existence.

spirit I meet them within and far above sense and the

realm of things.

But the eternally beautiful I love in everything, in every one. The beauty of me sees such beauty in everything, in every one, that seeing gives me an artist eagerness to bring it out into its manifested charm. Whether that thing or that one is awake to its own loveliness or not, still out of me goeth unto it blessing and fellowship.

I recognize myself as a part of the Divine which has power enough to awaken and quicken this that I love, that it become the conscious possession of every

one within whom it is now aslumber.

I breathe in the Eternal Justice. I breathe it out upon the world, upon every heart and every life.

It is such a supreme joy that I would share it with all. In its beauty and gladness, I would see every one awake and aquiver, as Love makes them loving and Truth makes them true.

So I am at peace from all troubling.

#### Centered In Justice

The music of me has sung out all the discords.

The truth of me has truthed out all the fickle and the false.

The love of me has burned up all the rubbish, and is sceptering the black soils in the rapture of roses.

The justice of me and the mercy of me kiss, and out of their kiss is born the Christ-child in me to redeem and transform all my earth, until it blossom like a rose in the desert and sing like a thrush above the thorn.





### I AM HEARING



HE innermost of me is perfect. It centers in the Eternal Perfect, and that Eternal Perfect is tributary to it,—giving to it of Justice, Truth, of Everlasting love, of Eternal Life, and Being without end.

This is the true me; this, the eternal I. Herein and herefrom, I can, in truth beyond

time and sense, say, I AM.

I am perfect in spirit, mind, body. This imperfect is not of me. I refuse it. It is alien. It must out; but not with force, as of a policeman's club, but with love, as with the Great Smile of God, sunshining away the clouds.

It is the spirit of me that is. It is the spirit of me which loves the flesh together into this beautiful fellowship by which we are rejoicing in the world.

Spirit called, and my hand is here to feel. This

silken joy as I touch a baby's cheek is spirit-joy.

Spirit called, and my nose came out to smell. This rapture of odor as I smell the rose is spirit-rapture.

Spirit called, and my tongue is here to taste. This gladness of grape, as I eat the fruit of the vine, is spirit-gladness.

Spirit called, and my eyes came forth to see. This delight of earth and sky, and this dear child's face

is spirit-delight, something of bliss from out the Being Divine at radiance within my soul.

Spirit called, and my ears came forth, out of my inmost center of truth, to hear. This music of my friend's voice "soft and low, an excellent thing in woman," and in man,—is music of the spirit, is a sweet sound of the soul, not one syllable of whose meaning can escape me. I capture each sound with love. Each sound the truth of me discerns,—knowing the truth the other mind thinks, the other lips speak.

I am in truth, as it were, a whispering gallery; in me each faintest, softest, silken, whispered tone articulates with full and clear meanings.

I can hear as a bird; no sound belonging to me

escaping.

I can hear as a child, my ears keener than a dog's

for the step of his beloved master.

This child of me, this child I am, this eternal truthchild, sitting joyous and eager within my ears, hears with perfect hearing,—no softest syllable of sound

escaping.

This inner ear of me hears rejoicingly the voices of the Eternal Love,—hears with obedient eagerness every truth which that Love speaks for my greatening,—hears, as with the ears of a bird a-listen for the voice of its mate hymning a worship of the nesting time.

Whatever of truth, through outer ways, that Love speaks to me, my outer ears hear in joyous earnestness; as if my thrush there, that master of song, had felt the sunshine in his soul, and must needs feel it in his throat, shining out into his hymn of joy, sung in the dawn, unto the dawn.

So I have the feel of God within me,—in the deepest and divinest soul of me; and the perfect of Him is so enchanting, that I must express it in all this outermost of me; that, in all this outermost of Him and me, mingling in this we call the natural, I so realize the perfect that my perfect praise the Perfect of my Adoration.

So in God, unto God, this my natural hearing! His perfect and mine, hear in all sounds of the earth, in all sounds of the human speech,—the very truth of us together, listening and delighting, that we both may enrich, in all love that comes unto me through these natural ways of the earth and its lives, in all truth which enhallows unto me through the sounds and voices of this outer world, and the friends it is giving unto me in a fineness as of the finest of the wheat.

This deafness which the dark of the imperfect seems to make real, is but an empty shadow, an earthborn mist, begotten of the world's clamorous and distressing falsehoods. It is phantom. It is unreal. It

is ghost.

In great, bright truth—the real truth of me—I shine upon it and through it; and it is no more. I am hearing the gentle wind there in the grass. That shy and bashful song of the leaf-hid vireo I am hearing.

The reluctant, imperfectly-syllabled speech of this little child, I am hearing. No sound dulls to me. No

voice mutes to me. All voices articulate in me, and I lose no meaning out of any voice that speaks.

I am the hearing in my ears, and all sounds are to me as bird-voices in the dawn to ears trained to all the delicate discriminations of experienced woodcraft.

I am perfect, and the perfect of me hears perfectly.





# IN THE INNERMOST



N the innermost of me, the Divine Love lives its eternal life. That Life fills me, radiating through and through me, and perfecting my very flesh until my very body is aglow and ashine with health.

The Divine Truth goldens like a dawn through every inmost thought of me, making true, and in Truth empowering me with creative might, so that all my outgoings of desire accomplish and fulfill in that upon which my heart is set.

The Divine Love makes new each inmost, outermost pulse and atom of me, until for power I am as a sun, and no dark can resist me; no night can overshadow my shining.

All who come within my beams brighten and become new. The light of me calls unto the light of them; and within them it is dawn. The heat of me calls to the heat of them; and within them roses are in bloom, and all the orchards are glorified in blossoms.

All my thoughts of every one in my home and about me spread their wings like birds and rejoice in my presence and voice in their songs the sunshine of me.

This innermost of me is poised, and its majesty enters into all my thoughts, feelings and ways.

Like Christ, this innermost, spiritual perfect of me sees in its own image and likeness, and that which it sees actualizes. It can not resist becoming what I see. It rejoices to enter into the glory of my vision more than they that wait for the morning rejoice in the first beams of the rising sun.

I see my mind perfect, and it is perfect.
I see my heart perfect, and it is perfect.
I see my life perfect, and it is perfect.
I see my home perfect, and it is perfect.
I see my husband perfect, and he is perfect.
I see my daughter perfect, and she is perfect.
I see my son perfect, and he is perfect.

I feel but concord and peace, and home and its lives answer like a symphony.

In spiritual truth and love and life I feel my desires are fulfilled; and all without me they are fulfilling, and my heart is rejoicing in their fulfillment more than my eyes rejoice in the greening grass, the reddening roses and the purpling grapes when the year is growing to its full in an autumn.

The Spirit within me beholds it all, and whispers

in my soul that it is all fair and good.

My travail pains are overpast. My soul doth magnify and rejoice in the All-Love and All-Beauty for this, that a man child is born into the world of truth and good and beauty, and that man child is this, renewed one, this born-again one, this very son of my heart and of my flesh.



# THE CENTER



HE center of my being is in pure Love.

This Love is radiant with vitality. In it I have my life.

Out of it has come my mind which thinks.

Out of it has come my heart which

loves.

Out of it has come that creative vitality which has woven my body of flesh, and in that body keeps alight the fires of life.

In that Love I live and move and have my being. Unto that Love I now open my inmost soul.

Into me that Love flows, giving me peace, power and repose.

In this joyous tide of the Divine Love flowing into me there is nothing to fear. It will abundantly care for me; so there is nothing about which to worry.

Into that Love I cast my every fear. Into its fathomless ocean deeps I cast all my worry. Swallowed up of its grace and greatness is all my fearthought and worry-thought for myself, my home and my daughter.

Each day will bring me all I need. For me there is plenty without end to supply my every need, even

as there is air without end to supply my need of breath.

To this Love I give my great and abiding faith. I believe that it wills me good and only good in everlasting abundance. Moment by moment I will accept that good and rejoice in it and for it be grateful.

My daughter, too, is centered in and hallowed by this Love. Out of that Love, through my motherhood, she came to rejoice my home and fill my heart with peace. That Love has her in its tender and holy keeping every minute of her life.

Therefore, I will fear no more for her. With all my heart I trust her to the keeping of this Love which

never slumbers nor sleeps.

That Love vitalizes her flesh. It quickens her body. It gives her abundant health. No more is there any discording disease. All is well with her. Hers is fullness of life. Hers is the abundant wealth.

I see her plump like chestnuts in their burs. I see her ruddy like roses in quickened and perfect life.

From all sickness she is free. In fullness of physical well-being she has plenteous liberty. In every pulse and throb of her body; in every glow and gleam of her brain; in every truth and tenderness of her heart; in the heights and depths of her soul, she is the child of Love and realizes the perfection of Love.

This is the joyous truth. I affirm it for myself. I

affirm it for her.

In this great affirmation of truth I rest my heart and have peace.

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## LIFE ITSELF



HERE is an inmost center from which all life proceeds.

That inmost center is Life Itself.

It is my origin and meaning.

It radiates me.

It radiates through me.

There is no worry nor waste nor

fret nor failure at this center.

It is poised, peaceful and wise, and all its outgoing energies achieve.

In it I am a living, thinking, achieving being.

From it I issue forth unto the deed of my life in the world.

By I it I am enwisdomed and empowered to do the thing that wins.

I am wise to think true and balanced thoughts about my business.

I have every needed power to live out those thoughts unto achievement.

I speak the true and the winning word. I do the true and the winning thing.

I feel action through me greatening and achieving success in my world of business.

The power of this success I consecrate unto my own growth and ennoblement and unto the doing of every good I can in this human world.



# SLEEP, A MOTHER BOSOM



LEEP is a mother-bosom which God gives for rest and renewing.

I am a child tonight, tired with the play and toil and tear of business, bruised with disappontments, fevered with failures, restless, tossing about

with worry, with fear.

A child, and here is my Mother, Sleep. How gently she takes me in her arms. How tenderly she gathers me to her bosom. With what a brooding of all comfort she bends above me. With what a peace she kisses down my tired lids.

O bosom of down, silken and soft and soothing! O deep soul of comfort! O rest that renews, healing my every hurt! No worry more. No wound more.

I sleep, sleep, sleep. Deep, deep, deep down into Love I go; into Mother Love; the Holy Mother Love which begot me. And this is rest, and this is renewing.

I am begotten again, not in the womb of night, but in the womb of Love. From the enhallowing deeps of this Love, I will awaken new. I will come forth a new soul, with new energies, with new wisdom, with a new heart to love my work, with a new mind to plan it, and a new hand to do it.

The day will be new, and I will be new and my task will be new. My life will be new, and with new

joy I will live it. I am a child again, and all the world lies around me with charm, and its countless joys invite me to play. And I will play.

With laugh and shout and song I will play. I will

play fair. I will play hard. I will win.

Oh, the day shall be all so full of great achievement, of great satisfactions, of great power, of great peace. My best day, this; my goldenest day, filled and brimming with the wine of joy which I will press from all the vines of life.

So down, down into the blessed Sleep. Down into the Everlasting Love. Down into fullness of life; and it is that Life's very fullness that is my

peace.

Into the Embosoming God I go, so welcomed by Love to be created anew, that I come forth without stain, without wound, without failure, without weakness; that I come forth with newness and fullness of life to live splendidly, achievingly, divinely.

Even so. And the Eternal Life will live in me

one day's full of its greatening grace.





# LOVE'S OWN CHILD



OU, my daughter, are Love's own child. In Love you live and move and have your being.

This Love is Spirit. This Love

is Life.

In this Spirit you are a perfect soul.

This perfect is the perfect of life.

In your innermost being you are radiant life.

That Life shines out through your dear flesh, and all the shadow of sickness is gone as dark before daylight.

This radiant life fills all your body, and makes you

well and strong.

You are full of vitality, full of energy, full of health.

Strength is your own.

You will awake from this sleep a healthy, vital, strong girl.

You will run and not be weary. You will walk

and not faint.

No sickness can come nigh unto you.

Abundant health fills and thrills and protects you. Fullness of life is yours, and I rejoice in and am grateful for your abundant good health, your radiant, fine, tireless vitality.



### THE EVERLASTING MOTHERHOOD.



Y motherhood lives and moves and has its being in the Everlasting Motherhood. The might of that Motherhood reinforces mine, giving it in stillness and peace the great power of loving my son into a man perfect.

That Motherhood loves with me,

in me. It thinks with me, in me.

With me and in me, it makes of my boy a picture of might and majesty which is so vivid and gently compelling, that it possesses my son's very soul. It stirs within him. It transforms him. He has come to himself, his divinely breathful self. He realizes what the Mind of the Divine Motherhood meant when it brooded him in the deeps of her Motherhood.

That meaning he feels, he thinks, he speaks, he

lives, he is.

I refuse every doubt. This Divine Ideal my boy

is now in very spirit and in truth.

I refuse every fear. My boy is this Divine Ideal, now without defeat. No defeat can enter into him. Nothing low and unlovely can possess him.

I refuse all discords. Nothing of inharmony can possess this singing center of safe and Divine Ideal.

So vital is this song of my son's inmost being that

### The Everlasting Motherhood

it sings out every discordancy of his outward, making him a delight to all, as is all pleasant song.

I refuse ugliness. Nothing can mar his fine beauty.

It is the very beauty of the Everlasting Mother.

He, my boy, is good and true and beautiful.

This that I vividly think in the Divine Love is very he. It is his inmost soul. As sunlight to possess the day, it moves from his inmost center to enlight his outermost circumference.

In quietness I abide in peace. In stillness I dwell in power.

In gentleness of spirit I now see him his own Divine

Ideal.

Expectancy sits in my eyes to behold the outer manifestation of this great inner spiritual creation, which the Mother Eternal adoringly passions, and I passion with Her.





# OUR MOTHER



E worship a man God. We are in a man-governed world.

When we see the cruelties everywhere, the hells of hate and nights of despair, the heart cries out in its anguish, "Oh, for a Mother! a Mother!"

To be even a half orphan is desolation. I love my Father. I reverence him. I obey hm.

But, oh, I want my Mother! my Mother! my Mother! I am ahungered for Her love. I am athirst for Her smile. I am afamished for Her divine tenderness. Oh, for the peace of Her bosom, and the gentle safety of Her everlasting arms!

And is not God Mother as well as Father?

He is Love as well as Truth. And the Love of Him is the Infinite Motherhood of Him.

The Divine Being is Man and Woman in the eternal adoration of each other, begetting and loving their children with an Everlasting Love.

The Divine Love and the Divine Truth are ever together in Divine Wisdom. In the rapture of each other they beget a universe; in the holy joys of each other they beget their human children. And, in pure gladness for their multiplication, they

brood and sustain that which they have begotten, for-

getting not one of the countless.

We have been thinking truth about God, having creeds and opinions, and all these harsh and dividing experiences of our race.

Let us think love about Him, and we will grow loving and brotherly, and the hurt of the race will be healed, and the children of men will rejoice in their Everlasting Mother.

Therefore, when thou prayest say:

Our Mother who art in Our Home Divine;

We hallow Thy name in our hearts—Thy name which is Love Divine.

Mother our earth into home, knowing no love's lack,

no truth's scant, but only the fullness of life.

Mother each need of our life until Home fills our hearts with its plenty and peace.

Love us until we grow white in Thy smile, knowing

nothing but love.

Let Thy Mother-Grace glow in our souls until no evil can be any more than shadows can gloom out the heart of white suns.

For Thine is its Love Divine, and Thine is its Truth Divine, and Thine is the Wisdom Divine, and Thine is our Home Divine, and we are Thy Children Divine forever and ever, AMEN!



## A GRAIL AFFIRMATION



ENTERED in the Divine Love for being, outraying in the Divine Truth for manifestation, I am the uncreate of the Divine Wisdom, voicing its word create in the Spirit, speaking its word create in the flesh.

I am a word made flesh to dwell among men that I discover the truth of myself, to feel it, to think it, to word it, to deed it, to live it, to be it,—to vision in it in the Spirit, to actualize in it in the Eternity.

In this truth I affirm:

### IAM IAM IAM

Something of me in all this outer natural, the final of me in all this inner of the spiritual, I genius my mind into truth; I genius my heart into love; I genius my consciousness into wisdom; I genius my flesh into health; I genius my life into holiness; I genius my spirit into beauty; I genius myself into heavens of being:

IAM IAM IAM





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